

THE MISSISSIPPI CREOLE.

J. N. PREWETT,

Volume 1.

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THE BACHELOR RECLAIMED.
A Sketch from Real Life.

BY R. T. TUCKERMAN.

"Nuptials are fine in love."—Shakespeare.

"You are determined not to marry?"
"Absolutely."

"Why not?"

"In the first place, I never expect to
be able to support a wife according to my
notion of comfort. In the second place, I
am not of meeting a woman who
sympathizes sufficiently with my
views, and to be a congenial
partner. Thirdly, I cannot bear the
idea of adopting as constant associates the
kind of people I may love; and fourthly,
I consider housekeeping, and all the
other domestic arrangements, the
most boring existence."

"The colloquy took place between two
men, in the garden of one of the
fashionable hotels at Saratoga. It was
afternoon, and they had retired
under the shade of an apple tree, to digest
the dinner, which process they were
digesting by occasionally puffing some
mild light-brown Havana cigars. The
remarks were uttered in a very
calm and positive tone, by McNeil, a
philosophical and quiet gentleman, who
was a sensible theory for every
thing in life. Among other things, he
expressed pleasure in the conviction that
he thoroughly understood himself. The
time his interest was truly excited
member of the gentleman sex, he had
been the most extravagant manner,
barely escaped with honor from
a most injudicious connection.
Against similar mishaps, he
adopted a very ingenious plan. Be-
cause he was so susceptible of female
seductions, he made it a rule when
tempted by a sweet face, or thrilled by
a pleasing voice, to seek some personal
weakness of character, in the
creature, and obstinately dwell upon
defects, until they cast a shade over
her seducing traits, and dissolved the
fear. When this course failed,
he had but one resource. With Fal-
staff's thought discretion the better part
of valor, and deliberately fled from the
elements that threatened his peace. He
managed not to allow love to
become a permanent possession, and, after
a false alarm and exciting vigil,
he came to the conclusion that no long
or sudden attack would ever sub-
vert the citadel of his affections.

McNeil had so braced himself in a
policy of resistance, that he had made no
impression against the unconscious lures of
feminine beauty. He could chat, for hours, with
the most brilliant belle, and leave her without
a thought. He could smile at the captiva-
tions which overcame his fel-
low-men. Regarding society as a battle-
field, he went thither armed in all points,
determined to keep self-possession, and be
the watch against the wiles of women.
He had seen lovely girls in the drawing-
room, followed their graceful movements
in the dance, heard them breathe songs
of sentiment at the piano, and walked
with them on the promenade. On
occasions, he coolly formed an esti-
mate of their several graces, perfectly
disregarding every finely-chiselled nose,
plumping lip, noted with care the hue
of the expression of the eye, but walked
on, parting, murmuring to himself,
"I see, yet am not in love."

He who can anticipate the weapon
which may lay him low, or make adequate
provision against the inexhaustible re-
sources of love? McNeil had sat for a
long time at table, opposite an invalid widow
and her daughter. He had passed them
over less than a dozen times, and
had the young lady twice to chide
him. The only impression he had deri-
ved from their demeanor and appearance
was that they were very genteel and
well-bred. On the morning after his con-
versation in the garden, he awoke just
before sunrise, and found himself lying
on his face to the wall, in one of the
private chambers in which visitors
at Saratoga are so unceremoniously
lodged. His eyes opened within six
seconds of the plaster, and he smiled
at some minutes, in conjuring
cracks and veins it displayed, into

imaginary forms of warriors and animals.
At length his mind reverted to himself,
and his present quarters. "Well, I have
been here just a fortnight," thus he
mused, "and a pretty dull time I've had
of it. Day after day, the same stupid
routine. In the morning I swallow six
glasses of Congress water at the Spring,
with the hollow eyes of that sick minis-
ter from Connecticut glaring on me like
a serpent, and the die-away tone of that
nervous lady from Philadelphia, sound-
ing like a knell in my ears. I cannot
drink in peace for those everlasting Miss-
es Hill, who all three chatter at once,
and expect me to be entertaining and
talkative so early in the morning, with
my stomach full of cold liquid, and a long
dull day in perspective! Then comes
breakfast. The clatter of plates, the
murmur of voices, the rushing of the
black waiters, the variety of steams,
make me glad to retreat. I find a still
corner of the piazz, and begin to read;
but the flies, a draught of air, or the in-
trusive gabble of my acquaintances, ut-
terly prevent me from becoming absorb-
ed in a book. It has now grown too
warm to walk, and I look in vain for Dr.
Clayton, who is the only man here whose
conversation interests me. I avoid the
billiard-room, because I know who I shall
meet there. The swing is occupied.
The thrumming on the piano of that old
maid from Providence, makes the saloon
uninhabitable. They are talking politi-
cians in the bar-room. The very sight of
the newspapers gives me a qualm. I in-
voluntarily begin to doze, when that in-
fernal gong sounds the hour to dress.
No matter; any thing for a relief. Dinner
is insufferable; more show and noise,
than relish and comfort. How gladly I
escape to the garden and smoke! That
reminds me of what I told Jones, yester-
day, about matrimony. He laughed at
me. But there's no mistake about it. —
Catch me to give up freedom, and provide
for a family—be pestered with a whole
string of now connexions, when I cannot
bear those I have now—never have a
moment to myself—be obliged to get up
at night for a doctor—have to pay for a
boy's schooling, and be plagued to death
by him for my pains—be bothered con-
stantly with bad servants—see my wife
lose her beauty in a twelvemonth, from
care—my goddess become a mere house-
hold drudge—give up cigars—keep pre-
cise hours—take care of sick children—
go to market! Never, never, never!"

As his reverie emphatically termi-
nated, McNeil slowly raised himself to a
sitting posture, in order to ascertain the
state of the weather, when a sight pre-
sented itself which at once put his philo-
sophy to flight and startled him from his
composure. He did not cry out, but
hushed his very breath. Beside him lay
a female form in profound slumber. Her
hair had escaped from its confinement,
and lay in the richest profusion around
her face. There was a delicate glow
upon the cheeks. The lips were scarce-
ly parted. The brow was perfectly se-
rene. One arm was thrust under her
head, the other lay stretched upon the
coverlid. It was one of those accidental
attitudes which sculptors love to embo-
dy. The bosom heaved regularly. One
felt that it was slumber of an innocent
creature, and that beneath that calm
breast beat a kindly and pure heart. Mc-
Neil bent over this vision, for so at first
it seemed to him, as did Narcissus over
the crystal water. The peaceful beauty
of that face entered his very soul. He
trembled at the still regularity of the long
dark eye-lashes, as if it were death pre-
sented. Recovering himself, all at once
something familiar struck him in the
countenance. He thought awhile, and
the whole mystery was solved. They
occupied the adjoining chamber; she had
gone down stairs in the night to procure
something for the invalid, and on return-
ing, entered in the darkness, the wrong
room, and fancying her mother asleep,
had very quietly taken her place beside
her, and was soon lost in slumber. No
sooner did this idea take possession of
McNeil, than with the utmost caution and
a noiseless movement, he stole away and
removed every vestige of his presence
into a vacant apartment, opposite, leaving
the fair intruder to suppose she alone
had occupied the room. At breakfast,
he observed the mother and daughter
whisper and smile together, and soon as-
certained that they had no suspicion of
the actual state of the case. With the
delicacy that belonged to his character,
McNeil inwardly vowed to keep the se-
cret forever in his own breast. Mean-
time, with much apparent hilarity, he
prepared to accompany Jones to Lake
George. His companion marvelled to
perceive his unwonted gaiety wear off
as they proceeded in their ride. McNeil
became silent and pensive. The evening
was fine, and they went upon the lake to
enjoy the moonlight. Jones sang his
best songs and woke the echoes with his
bugle. His friend remained silently
wrapt in his cloak, at the boat's stern.
At last, very abruptly he sprang up,
and ordered the rowers to land him. "Where
are you going?" inquired Jones. "To
Saratoga," was the reply. "Not to-night,
surely?" "Yes, now, this instant!"

Entertaining some fears for his friend's

safety, Jones reluctantly devoted that
lovely night to a hard ride over a sandy
road, instead of lingering away its de-
lightful hours on the sweet bosom of the
lake.

Six months after, McNeil married the
widow's daughter, and the ensuing sum-
mer, when I met him at Saratoga Springs
he assured me he found it a delightful
residence.

THE ENGLISH PARLIAMENT.

We are often told that the English
people were in favor of the principle
advanced by the English Parliament, of
the right to tax the American Colonies,
because the House of Commons, the popu-
lar branch of the Government was in its
favor. The truth of the case is, before
the passage of the Reform Bill, the House
of Commons did not represent the Eng-
lish people. In 1776, under the opera-
tion of the rotten borough system, 254
members, constituting about a majority
of the House, were chosen by only 5,723
persons. Burke, while defending the
Colonies, and in allusion to the objection
urged by Lord Carmarthen against his
principle that taxation without representa-
tion was tyranny, on the plea that Man-
chester and other considerable cities
were not represented in Parliament,
made the following eloquent remark:—
"Are we to give them our weakness for
their strength; our opprobrium for their
glory; and the slough of slavery, which
we are not able to work off, for their free-
dom?" Any one can see, however, that
if taxation without representation is ty-
ranny, the great body of the English peo-
ple were then suffering under the very
oppression against which the country
protested.—Boston Times.

TO YOUNG MEN.

Let the following example serve to il-
lustrate to every young man the vast im-
portance of energy, industry, virtue and
perseverance, in securing success in life.
"Whatever man has done, many may do,"
—the road to success is open to all, and
laudable and honorable ambition in every
walk of life is always sure of its re-
ward.—Franklin Review.

Mr. Z. Casey, at present a member of
Congress from Illinois, was born in
Georgia and raised in Tennessee. At
the age of seventeen he married. One
year afterwards, with a small family,
consisting of a wife and one child, while
Illinois was a territory, he set forth with
all his goods and chattels stowed in a
pack about as big as a two bushel basket,
his wife by his side, his child in his
arms, his pack on his back, and on his
lips these words: "Come wife, I have for-
gotten seven dollars in cash, and a stout
heart; don't you be down in the mouth,
for I am going to be somebody. Twenty
three years ago he landed in the forest
of Illinois, where he now resides. He
settled in Jefferson county, about half
way between the Mississippi and Ohio
rivers. There were then but five fami-
lies within fifty miles of him. St. Lou-
is one hundred miles distant, was the
nearest village where there was a store.
With his own hands he built his Log Ca-
bin, and in the sweat of his brow pro-
vided the wherewith to feed and cloth him-
self and his family. Twenty-three years
have rolled away, during which time
the change in the Senate of Illinois has
been as great as it has been in the con-
dition of this early adventurer. He was
first called to represent his neighbors in
the Legislature eighteen years ago. He
then went into the senate. He was im-
mediately called to preside over that
body, which he continued to do for four
years. He was next Lieut. Governor
of the State four years, and after that he
was called to the station he now occu-
pies, eight years. During the whole pe-
riod of eight years, including one extra
session of Congress, he has never been
absent from the House but a day and a
half, and that was for the purpose of
going to New York, a journey which I
(boarding with him at the time) persua-
ded him to make for his health. Mr. Ca-
sey's influence was equal to any other
member, Corwin of Ohio, Profit of In-
diana, Cray of Michigan, and many
other Western members, are like Mr.
Casey, self-made men.

The following adds another incentive,
and offers another example of virtuous
energy and honorable success worthy of
emulation. We quote from the Raleigh,
North Carolina Register.

REV. DAVID O. SHATTUCK has been
nominated as the Whig candidate for
Governor of Mississippi. We have the
pleasure of a personal acquaintance with
this gentleman. He was a few years
ago a travelling Methodist Minister, and
belonged to the Virginia and North Car-
olina Conference. He is a man of ster-
ling integrity, strong mind, and posses-
ses great energy of character. He is a
self-made man. He came to this state,
North Carolina, from New England a
poor pedler. While engaged in vend-
ing his wares he applied himself stud-
iously to his books. He soon located, and
after having established an enviable
character for sound morality and piety,
he presented himself as a candidate for
the ministry, was received into the
Methodist connection, and labored as a

travelling preacher until the year 1828,
when he removed to the west.—He soon
won his way to the Benedict Mississippi,
where he has distinguished himself as an
able Judge; and now he is about to be
elevated to the Chief Magistracy of the
State.

Judge Shattuck presents a brilliant ex-
ample of individual effort and success,
and of the beauty and excellence of our
Republican system, under which men
may raise themselves by their own mer-
its from the humblest walks of life to
the highest stations in the government,
and his success ought to stimulate and
encourage the hundreds and thousands
of our youth who are entering upon
life with no brighter prospects than
those which dimly shone upon his earth-
ly pathway, to diligent, vigorous and
persevering efforts. All may not attain
to the highest point of eminence, yet
every one can do something for himself
and his country, and his motto, at least,
ought to be "F.L.L. TRY."

ERASMUS.

We Yankees consider ourselves very
brave in the expression of opinion on
governments and often hurl at monarchs,
from our safe and republican closets, man-
ny bitter invectives; but in doing this
we run no risk. But not so was it with
those brave spirits who battled for man-
kind at the close of the dark ages. Hear
what Erasmus says of kings and princes
in the sixteenth century—himself patron-
ized by monarchs.

"Let any one turn over the pages of
ancient or modern history, and scarcely
in several generations will he find one
or two princes, whose folly has not in-
flicted the greatest misery on mankind."
* I know not whether much of this
is not to be imputed to ourselves. We
trust the rudder of a vessel, whereof a
few sailors and some goods alone are in jeo-
pardy, to none but skillful pilots;
but the State, wherein the safety of so
many thousands is concerned, we put into
any hands.

Do we not see that noble cities are
erected by the people; but they are de-
stroyed by princes? that the community
grows rich by the industry of its citizens
is plundered by the rapacity of its prin-
ces? that good laws are enacted by popu-
lar magistrates, are violated by these
princes? that the people love peace that
princes excite war? * * Of all birds
the eagle alone has seemed to wise men
the apt type of royalty; not beautiful,
not musical, not fit for food, but carni-
vorous, greedy, plundering, destroying,
combating, solitary, hateful to all, the
curse of all, and with its great powers of
doing harm, surpassing all in the de-
sire of doing it.

Constitutional Rights of Slaveholders.

[Mr. Tuck's Report.]

The last Annual Message of Gov.
Glason contained some mention of the
case of Bemis and others, now pending
between the States of Maryland and
Pennsylvania, and certain allusions to
the case in controversy between Vir-
ginia, and New York. Mr. Tuck of the
House of Delegates, from the Committee
to whom this subject was referred, made
an able report thereon which is now pub-
lished in the Annapolis Republican.—
With regard to the first mentioned case
the Report says:

The case against Bemis and others for
a supposed violation of the laws of
Pennsylvania by the re-capture of fugi-
tive slaves, is pending in the Supreme
Court on an appeal from a Court in
Pennsylvania, carried up by an arrange-
ment heretofore made by the two States.
Your committee have every confidence
that cause will be decided according to
the constitution and laws, and that jus-
tice will be decided according to the con-
stitution and laws, and that justice will
be done in the premises; they there-
fore recommend that no action be had by
the authorities of Maryland while the case
is undecided.

On the other topic of the Report the
argument is clear and we think ought to
be conclusive.—Without following it out,
as the subject is one on which most
persons in this latitude have made up
their minds, we submit two of the resolu-
tions reported by the Committee as
embodying the conclusion to which they
came.

Resolved unanimously by the General
Assembly of Maryland, That it is the ex-
clusive right of each state in this union
to define for itself what is felony or
crime within the meaning of the consti-
tution of the United States, and to deter-
mine the manner of punishing violations
of its own laws; and that when a per-
son who is charged in any state with the
commission of an act, which, by the
laws of that state, is felonious or criminal,
absconds from justice and flees to another
state, it is the duty of the authorities of
that state to surrender him for trial, on
the demand of the state where the of-
fence was committed.

Resolved unanimously, That if a ne-
gro slave be stolen in any state, and car-
ried to another state, the owner may de-
mand the slave as his property; and the
state in which the act is committed
may demand the person committing it

as a fugitive from justice, and it is the
duty of the state on which the demand
may be made, to surrender such person
for trial.

LEKAIN.

From Notes and Anecdotes, from the Fortifolio
of an Officer of the French Empire.

Talma was fond of speaking of Lekain,
and it was from him that I heard the
particulars I am about to relate.

Lekain was a great amateur of execu-
tions. He never omitted any opportu-
nity of seeing a man hung, broken on the
wheel, or quartered. This celebrated
tragedian was so well known at the Place
de Grece, that the first of the execution-
er's assistants, who observed him, was
accustomed to make a sign to his com-
rades and the soldiers of the guard, say-
ing, "let this gentleman pass—he is an
amateur!" And Lekain, who could not
claim the privilege of the nobles, of
standing on the scaffold during execu-
tions, was admitted, without difficulty,
within the enclosure surrounding it.

The Parliament of Paris had condemn-
ed a man to be broken alive on the wheel.
The day of execution had arrived, and
Lekain was going, in great haste, to the
Place de Grece, not wishing, as he said,
to be absent at the raising of the curtain,
and desiring to see every thing, from the
first preparations to the final stroke that
the executioner was accustomed to give
the patient, after he had separately bro-
ken all his limbs.

On the way he met, by accident, one
of his most intimate friends, Desfontaines,
a mild, modest man, very much
esteemed as a man of letters, and to
whom we are indebted for a translation
of Virgil in prose, and two or three
tragedies, even the titles of which have
been long forgotten.

"Come with me," said Lekain, "I wish
you to see a very curious exhibition."

"What is it?"

"An execution! a man is about to be
broken on the wheel; it is a thing that
one must see."

Desfontaines at first only replied by a
gesture of horror.

"Come, come, we have not a minute
to lose; they are about to begin."

"No, certainly, I will not go; I would
dream of it for six weeks."

"What a child you are! One should
see a little of every thing in this world.
I assure you it is very curious."

And Lekain, seizing his friend's arm,
led him on in spite of himself. They
reached the Place de Grece in company,
and at the words, "let this gentleman
pass—he is an amateur!" the ranks opened
before Lekain, and closed against
Desfontaines, with whom none of those
employed about the Place were acquaint-
ed.

Lekain, feeling that he had lost the
arm of Desfontaines, turned back, and
beheld his friend separated from him by
a line of soldiers. "Let this gentleman
pass," said the tragedian, "he is the ex-
ecutioner of Orleans."

At this remark the ranks were
again opened, and Lekain, seizing hold of
Desfontaines, drew him towards the scaf-
fold, and there, like a true citizen, ex-
plained the particular use of each in-
strument of torture.

Desfontaines, to his great displeasure,
was forced to witness all the details of
the execution. When terminated, he
retired with Lekain, greatly distressed
in his mind and feelings.

"I am going to play at Fontainebleau,"
said Lekain, on leaving him. "They
are about to represent a new piece at
the Comedie Francaise this evening; you
will much oblige me by writing me, af-
ter the performance, if the play has suc-
ceeded. On carrying your letter to the
carriages of the court, you will find some
one to take charge of it."

"I will do so."

Desfontaines returned home. The
words "executioner of Orleans," the title
which had been so unexpectedly given him
could not get out of his head. He thought
of it till night; it followed him even to
the theatre: it was with difficulty that
he could pay attention to the perfor-
mance.

The piece was successful. As soon as
the author was named, Desfontaines
hastened to quit the theatre, wrote a
note, and carried it to the stand whence
the carriages of the court set off. Only
one remained, which was intended for
the Prince of Conde; the door was open,
and the Prince was already preparing
to enter, when Desfontaines stopped him,
and requested that he would, on arriving
at Fontainebleau, have a letter, which
he desired to entrust to him, sent to Lek-
ain.

"Very willingly, sir," replied the prince;
"but from whom?"

"From his intimate friend."

"His intimate friend, Mr. —?"

The prince waited for a name, which
Desfontaines, distracted, sought in vain;
at last the unfortunate designation of the
morning again got possession of his
mind.

"His intimate friend," replied he, "the
executioner of Orleans."

He immediately quitted the place. The
Prince was at first astonished at this sin-
gular intimacy between the celebrated

actor and the executioner; but as he saw
nothing physically impossible in such a
friendship, he began to think about it,
until, on his arrival at Fontainebleau, he
had occasion to send the letter to its ad-
dressee. A servant was sent to inform
Lekain that the Prince of Conde desired
to speak to him. Lekain came imme-
diately.

"Here, sir, is a letter which a person
who calls himself your intimate friend,
charged me to have delivered to you."

"Ah, yes! I have the honor to thank
your highness. It is in fact from my
best friend?"

"Is he, indeed, your intimate friend?"

"Undoubtedly, my lord."

"Permit me, then, to say that you
choose your friends in singular cir-
cumstances."

"But, my lord, he is a very distinguis-
hed literary man."

"A literary man! is truth?"

"Yes, my lord, we are indebted to him
for some highly esteemed translations—
even for some tragedies."

"Tragedies! tragedies!—say then that
he has executed the executioner."

"Yes, my lord, the executioner, and
the other parts also."

"The devil! I did not know that France
was so happy as to possess a literary ex-
ecutioner."

"How! an executioner, my lord?"

"Yes! I asked the gentleman who he
was? he replied, the executioner of Or-
leans."

At this moment Lekain recalled the
events of the morning; he was unable to
restrain his bursts of laughter, and had
the greatest difficulty in explaining to
the Prince the circumstances that gave
rise to so ridiculous a mistake.

The Prince of Conde assumed the whole
court with the recital of the adventure.

AN OLD NEWSPAPER.

A friend has loaned us a copy of "The
New England Weekly Journal," dated
"Monday, October 19, 1779. Boston:
printed by S. Kneeland and T. Green, at
the Printing House in Queen street,
where Advertisements are taken in."

It is printed on a small half sheet of folio
paper, measuring thirteen inches in
length and eight in breadth, and contains
two columns on each page, four in all.

The latest news from New York was
under date of October 13, and contained
the following intelligence.

On the 6th inst. arrived here Captain
Matthew Smith, from Dover, and brings
news that a truce is concluded with Spain
for 14 years, that the effects of the gal-
leons were speedily to be delivered at
twelve per cent indulto, and that the
king of Spain had promised to make sa-
tisfaction for all the damages we have
sustained in the West Indies, by illegal
captions of the Spaniards.

Under the Boston head is the follow-
ing editorial article:

Whereas we sometime since observed
that the people of the King's Chapel
in Boston had honourably voted the
Rev. Mr. Parry Eight Pounds per Week
for Salary besides his Perquisites; we
may farther observe it to their yet greater
Honour, that as that Gentleman
thought it not sufficient in such a Town as
this, His People rais'd it to ten Pounds
per Week.

Among the advertisements are these
two:

A very likely young Negro Man, a-
bout 20 years of Age, fit for any Labour,
who has been in the County some years,
and has had the Small Pox, to be Sold,
and seen at the House of Capt Bartholomew
Cheevers near the Mill Bridge.

Four fine young Negro Men, who ar-
rived on Saturday, also two Negro Wo-
men and a Girl, to be sold by Hugh Hill
on Credit with good Security.

What would the Abolitionists say to
see such an advertisement in the Boston
papers at the present day?

DIAMOND.

The diamond which is second in the
world in value adorns the sceptre of the
Emperor of Russia, and is placed under
the eagle at the top of it. This stone
weighs 77.8 carats, and is worth at least
4,354,720 pounds sterling, although it
hardly cost 135,417 guineas. A singu-
lar history is attached to this diamond.
It was formerly one of the eyes of a
Malabarian idol, named Seberingham.
A French grenadier, who had deserted
from the Indian service, contrived to
become one of the priests of that idol,
and, watching his opportunity, stole its
eye, and ran away to the English at
Trincomalee, from whence he carried it
to Madras. A ship captain bought it
for twenty thousand rupees; afterwards
a Jew gave seventeen or eighteen thou-
sand pounds for it; at last, a Greek mer-
chant, named Gregory Sofinas, offered it
for sale at Amsterdam, in the year 1776,
where it was bought by prince Orloff,
for his sovereign, the empress of Russia.
The figure and size of this diamond is
preserved in the British museum.

Somebody describes wit to be "wink-
ing at play." It would be very difficult to
give a more accurate definition.—New
Orleans Picayune.